

April 1993

# THE Philistine

Volume 2, Spring 1993

Issue 1



## The Reject Show

Yes, we're rejects, and we're proud of it. We plan to go on the evening news and tell the world just how bad it feels to be cast off, tarred, feathered and laughed at by the illustrious SFAI establishment. We plan to write interminable volumes of incomprehensible poetry about our wretched state, and even longer tearstained autobiographies, and we will read them aloud to anyone who will listen. We planned to run around the courtyard, naked and covered with mud, moaning and flagellating our bosoms, except that has already been done. AND, goddammit, we're going to show our work, EVEN THOUGH the Diego Rivera jury deemed it unworthy of notice. So, summoning every ounce of courage and unmitigated gall we possess, we will install a self-pitying extravaganza in the courtyard from April 4-30. Just to show we bear no grudges, we will also throw a huge party in the aforementioned courtyard, on **Wednesday, April 7, from 5 to 7 PM.** Everyone is invited. Even the Diego jurors. God rest their souls.

photo by Barbara Szegedi

ALONE BY GREG LUCIRA TO BE FREE AND ALONE ALONE AND ALLOWED ALONE AND QUIET ALONE AND WHOLE ALONE AND PEACE  
ALONE AND SILENT WILD AND ALONE ALONE NOT LONELY ALONE ALONE AND INDIVIDUAL ALONE AND ONE LOVE AND ALONE

## Notes after walking out on a lecture by Clegg and Guttman

by Stephanie Jackson

I remember sitting in this very spot  
the day I had an ear infection  
and the lousy music hurt a lot worse  
and I couldn't eavesdrop on other people's  
boring conversations  
and altogether there seemed a certain lack of  
significance  
usually things seem much more so when you're  
incapacitated  
streetlights are unbearably pathetic  
neon seems like a deep solipsistic invocation  
basically that particular ear infection made  
everything really annoying  
I wonder when this drizzle is going to stop  
I wonder if it will remove any horrible smells  
or some of the petrified gum  
I wonder whatever happened to Scott  
whom that guy over there happens to look like  
I think he got swallowed up by L.A.  
I wonder why all those people are leaving  
surely I'm not smelling yet  
surely this is the best place to be  
despite the lousy music and neon  
surely those Van Gogh sunflowers are  
beginning to rot  
they've been in that jar for such a long time  
I wonder whatever happened to Christian  
whom that guy over there happens to look like  
I was in love with Christian  
briefly  
for a short diseased period of time  
I doubt he knows about it  
I doubt he thinks of me at all  
he's merely a philosemantic exercise  
like bad portraits of imaginary corporate  
executives  
like anything lame and Frenchified  
which requires hours of explanation just to be  
and be salable  
I require no explanation  
please continue to sit  
please drizzle at your leisure  
I'll refrain from thinking you an angel  
I know how annoying that can be  
I know you want to be left alone



# The Importance of Speaking Out

by Francesca Pastine

"When we speak we are afraid  
our words will not be heard  
nor welcomed  
but when we are silent  
we are still afraid"

-Audre Lorde, from  
*Litany of Survival*

in dialogue, and this is particularly apparent in the undergraduate painting seminars. The course catalog describes the undergraduate painting seminar as "meetings promoting in-depth analysis and critical discussion of work." Unfortunately, these meetings often turn out to be a monologue by the instructor.

On the last day of her seminar, Frances McCormack passed out paper and had the whole class write anonymously about the work that was being shown. I happened to be showing work on that day and what was written down was highly enriching. It was the first time that I had access to a full spectrum of opinions (all of them valid) and not just those of the instructor and the few students who generally speak. McCormack concocted this experiment in an attempt to deal with the general uneasiness about speaking that dominates these seminars, and I believe the results proved a very important point: It is not that students have nothing to say, it is that once said, ideas take on an entirely different nature. They are no longer the latent contents of the mind, but are hard, spelled out, and etched irrevocably into the consciousness of all those that hear them. Once an idea spills out into the light, the speaker then has to take responsibility for that idea, and that entails having convictions and the ability to back them up.

Only through expression can ideas formulate, grow and mature; but dialogue, like many other things, is an acquired skill. Therefore, it is not enough for students to start talking about work in their senior seminar; there should be a forum for discussing work at the onset of their education. Also, the seminar's purpose needs to be clearly defined. For example, one student I spoke with said that he didn't speak because he was content to listen solely to what the instructor had to say. This student should clearly be in a painting class where he can get a one-on-one critique, and not in a seminar. Also, Instructors need to realize that the seminar is not a platform for proselytizing their particular brand of dogma, but a symposium for students to learn

Dialogue is essential in any liberal arts study. It promotes an exchange of ideas, facilitates the clarification of concepts and enriches the entire community. Unfortunately, many students at SFAI seem curiously unwilling to engage



OTHER POSSIBLE NAMES;  
- SLAM DRUNKS  
- FLAKERS  
- LOAN DEFAULTERS  
- BORDERLINE INDIGENTS  
- DOLLAR FUCKS

THE TIME HAS OBVIOUSLY COME FOR S.F.A.I. TO FIELD IT'S OWN SEMI-PRO BASKETBALL TEAM. (PRO MEANING THAT WE WILL TAKE BRIBES TO THROW GAMES.) FIRST WE'LL NEED SOME BOSS-LOOKING JERSEYS WITH AN INTIMIDATING HELL'S ANGELS-TYPE LOGO-THEN SOME "STUDENTS" (RINGERS) WHO KNOW HOW TO PLAY; SOME CHEERLEADERS, WATERBOYS, PHYSICAL THERAPISTS, A NEUROTIC COACH, AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, A VERY OPEN-MINDED (STUPID) BOOKIE. WE'LL BUILD UP A 1/2 RESPECTABLE RECORD, STOMPING THOSE PHONIES AT THE ACADEMY OF ART COLLEGE, KNOCKING THE NUTS OFF THOSE CHICKENSHIT SELL-OUTS AT C.C.A.C., UNTILL WE GET A GAME AGAINST A BIG MONEY TEAM, VIRGINIA OR U.N.L.V., SAY, AND THAT'S WHEN WE ALL TAKE OUT SUPPLEMENTAL LOANS, BET THE MONEY WITH OUR 'OPEN-MINDED' BOOKIE, (MENTIONED ABOVE) AND DUMP THAT GAME LIKE A GOD-DAMN LEAD BALLOON! WE'LL ALL BE RICH! WRITE THE DEAN TODAY!

P.S.- IF ANYONE'S INTERESTED IN A POKER GAME,  
CALL SAM - 431-8678

how to talk about art. Lastly, to promote an environment for discussion, the seminars need to be a lot smaller than they currently are.

Having a forum for students to discuss work is crucial in any art community where ideas are paramount. However, to be successful the painting department needs to clearly define and communicate the purpose of the undergraduate painting seminar, while creating an environment and structure that serve to implement that purpose.

editor francesca pastine associate editors  
kristin calabrese, david hill, stephanie  
jackson, elisabeth miller, joel schwartz

By the time I reached seventeen, I counted seven lovers between both fingers. I use my fingers when my mind fails, or fails at low numbers; and surely, as hard I strain to squeeze all of the memory out of comprehension, seven unsightly stubs of flesh linger and twitch.

At this moment only the quantity lingers, having regressed any embarrassment of a man who would wear suspenders and a belt. But I strain to recall each, hoping its respective digit gives me a screw. Clue.

Screwing names rather than flesh. But it was "more a calloused tickling" than twisting of hardness into a soft, malleable wall of resistance. Reddening, how can I resist what I couldn't see?

Glimpses, fragments, now like snapshots, crowd the little space I reserve for the patterned flowered bra and panty set for the first day of class before the panty-less phase; white shirt, notebook, algebra, French, aerobics, drawing must be turned in. Vietnamese is the only good restaurant in town. The first one fucked and last one to know it.

I forfeited sound, touch, taste, for sight (not to be confused with insight). When asked by

## "F"

her mother, "Why do you read that trash?", the Lady in the Grocery market said, "Because it makes my panties wet."

No. No. "Information."

Bepatient. I really can't seem to remember. But as I do, their (Fucks') essences will be reduced to a single word. A friend, Daniel Rolla McDonald, relies on this method of recollection and he is sometimes mistaken for a Russian Professor at some area of the city. Avoid plot.

"Transcendence." A lie.

1. Aaron-sp
- Aryan- wrong
2. Mike-pattern
3. Chris-dirt
4. Erik-devotion
5. Chris-termites
6. I'm still trying to remember his name
7. Charles-rope

by E.R. Miller

Sometimes it doesn't work. At sixteen Chris moved into my space, my bed, and we shared the Volkswagen when termites invaded ours. Forget it. A thin moon of dirt around his fingertip: human excrement, clay, epidermis; your guess is certain to be the correct identification.

I've given up on sight. Smell these things, I yelled to her.

But before my elder sister of three years had a chance to break her own, I abandon mine. Now, not at all. "After seven years of abstinence, a woman can be considered a Virgin and is once again ready to deflower."

I waved for puberty to come soon and visit with a piece of fruit, maybe squash, but I can make do even with all the fingers of my left hand and two fingers on my right paralyzed and bearing wounds.

BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT, SOCIAL AND ALONE ALONE, ALONE, ALONE AND ALONE ART ALONE AND WRITING ALONE  
STILL ON A CHAIR ALONE ALONE ALONE WITH ALL DAMN SPOTS OUT ALLONE WITHOUT ANY COMPAIGNYE





Suzanne Stackle

emotionally involved, then, on close examination, revealing the perverse masochistic nature of the work.

What takes precedence in Ruan Jie's paintings are the bulky wooden frames with their characteristic red signature; the paintings themselves didn't seem all that important. Painted in a very flat matt paint (with pieces of string embedded in them), these paintings seemed too drab and packaged, especially considering that the show was titled "Chasm and Reunion", a tease of possible grandeur that the paintings could not live up to.

## Unsightly Fuzzies and Chasm & Reunion

by Kristin Calabrese

The end of February brought two very imposing aesthetic points of view in the Diego Rivera Gallery: Suzanne Stackle's *Unsightly Fuzzies*, and Ruan Jie's *Chasm and Reunion*.

What first attracted me to Suzanne Stackle's work was how beautiful it was and how I wanted to touch it. Her still lifes successfully transcended the two dimensional plane of the photograph. One piece, *The Introvert*, is a print of a blue pump with nails sticking up into the shoe. This is speaking about the fantasy image of the "dream woman" and how, when a woman puts these things on her feet, she is pierced through on the inside by the persona she wears on the outside. Wrapped in finery, these images and objects are presented in such a way as to make them enticing. They act as a double entendre: first seducing the viewer to be

novato by p.j. plotke

Warm weather  
languor  
My roommate  
lounging around  
in the nude  
languor  
cold beer  
sharp words  
the curves of her  
body  
contradicting the edges  
of her voice



## narratives

by greg cucira

**1 SOUNDGRAPH** (DEAF FROM THE EVIDENCE) MOTIONAL BREAKDOWN IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT. THE SAME WAVES EXPRESS SERENITY OR DISCHORD DEPENDING UPON THEIR MEDIUM. AT TWILIGHT THE BROKEN CERAMICS LOOK LIKE A SKY OF BIRDS. HEARD FROM THE WELLS, THE HORN OF THE TRUCK WATCHING FOR FOXES CAN FRIGHTEN WITH SHORT ANNOUNCEMENTS LIKE Y-O-U.

**2 PRIMITIVE** IN THEIR SEARCH FOR A WAY OF KEEPING TRACK OF OBJECTS AND DISTANCES WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS, THEY DISCOVERED DANCE AND FROM THEN ON THE OTHER SCIENCES WALTZED IN. OCEAN CONDITIONS IMPROVED. THEY DEVELOPED NEW CORALS AND FISH AND INVENTED DEEP FLUORESCENCE.

**3 DUGUNDA** WE BUY SHELLS AT THE SERVICE STATION. TRAFFIC IS CLEAR. THE ELECTRIC TRACK RUNS ALL NIGHT LONG. DASHBOARDS DISPENSE FRESH RASPBERRIES AND JOURNALS. BEANS ARE A NICKEL, AND NOT REFRIED. WHEN IT SNOWS EVERYTHING GLOWS LIKE THE MOON. EVERY DAY THE WIND BLOWS FROM THE SOUTH AND CLEAR THE ROADS. WHAT'S UNFINISHED GLOWS, WHAT'S LACQUERED THEY SANDPAPER.

**4 KEYOT** FOR EACH IDENTICAL SNOWFLAKE THERE ARE EXACTLY TWO PEOPLE DREAMING. FORGETTING THEM IS A CRIME. NURSES LET THE PATIENTS WRITE OR SPIN SPECIFIC SHAPES OF POTTERY. DRINKING IS COMPULSORY ON BUSES.

**5 IN THE COUNTRY OF YELLOW SAND** THEIR CARVINGS OF THE GODDESS DEPICT HER ON A FUTON. THE INTRICACY OF A HOME USUALLY HAS TO DO WITH THE LEAKING OF ITS CENTRAL

POOL. MOST OF THEIR PRIESTESSES ARE ALSO COOKS WHOSE NUMERICAL RECIPES DESCRIBE PRE-COSMIC STATES. ALTHOUGH THEIR WOMEN PREFER FREE SEX, THE MEN ARE RARELY SEEN UNMARRIED.

**6 SNOW** THE BREEZE KEEPS THE MELODY. LIGHT BENDS AROUND A CORNER AND DOWN THE BLOCK. IT'S UNDER CONSTRUCTION. PRISON WORKERS WITH ROBES OF ORANGE SILK. SEE THE CRANES DIP AND BOUNCE LIKE A DRUNKEN BUTTERFLY. THE BREEZE IS PLAYING MATCHMAKER.

**7 MU-ZU B.** I CONSTANTLY WONDERED WHY THEY WOULD RETURN TO A COUNTRY LIKE THAT. WHO LEFT IT IN THE FIRST PLACE. DON'T ARGUE THAT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER WAVE OF IMMIGRANTS. SOMETHING MUST HAVE SENT THEM. MAYBE THEY WERE GOING TO BURY SOMETHING HERE SO WE COULD FIND IT IN OUR APARTMENTS, AND THEN WE MOVED.

**8 MOTHERS** BAD HUNTERS. ACCURATE BUT COMPASSIONATE. MAKING SOUNDS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR. HAVING ORGASMS WITHOUT CONTACT. SHAKING HER CHILDREN'S HANDS. GROWLING IN THE STUDY NEXT TO YOUR BEDROOM, WITH THE COMPUTER ON.

**9 AWAY FROM EGALALA** THEIR DIGGERS WERE DISABLED CHILDREN. IN THESE WELLS CROAKED THE WRINKLED POUCHES OF GREY FROGS. THE HOLOWALKS STRETCHED FROM THE SOUTH BATHS TO THE NORTHERN SPRINGS. THE COUNTRY HAD NO BORDERS BUT TO GET A VISA IT WAS NATURAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN TO APPLY UNDER A THIRD NAME.

ALONE WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED ALONE WHEN CONVERSATION AND SHAKTI AND SCIENCE AND IN-OUT CLIQUES  
AND FRANCE AND CHINA AND PSYCHIC MOLASSES ARE ALL PULLING AT MY BODY ALONE WHEN ONLY HEAVY SKIN MAKES ME MOVE



# The Bitter that Echoes

by Russell Gonzaga

|  |   |  |   |
|--|---|--|---|
| <p>(1)</p> <p>I came up in this "Paradise"<br/>where brightly colored plastic<br/>covers<br/>expensive nothings,<br/>where fame and fortune seem to be<br/>Everyone's<br/>carrot on the end of the stick,<br/>and where immigrants<br/>just keep hoping<br/>for a better life.</p> <p>No,<br/>I wasn't born here,<br/>I was<br/>imported.</p> <p>I was born<br/>on an island<br/>of the<br/>eurocentrically named<br/>philippines.</p> <p>that impoverished commonwealth<br/>of the american empire.</p> <p>U.S.<br/>service men know the place well<br/>as the<br/>"Whorehouse of the Pacific".</p> <p>we've also been called<br/>the<br/>"Niggers of the Orient"...</p> <p>Not born here<br/>but I grew up in this dreamscape<br/>called Cali'<br/>where<br/>the only places for me to be<br/>awake<br/>are in my art and poetry<br/>(academically, the realms<br/>of esoteric idealism<br/>and<br/>mental masturbation)</p> <p>Here<br/>in Dreamland, U.S.A.<br/>only <i>true</i> artists and poets<br/>dream<br/>nightmares of reality<br/>(and the poor are unfortunate enough<br/>to live it)....</p> <p>Mean-<br/>while<br/>Everyone else<br/>just keeps singing<br/>along to the songs<br/>on the radio<br/>and try<br/>their hardest<br/>to stay in fascism (-excuse me)<br/>Fashion.</p> <p>(2)</p> <p>I remember the bullshit existence</p> | <p>of being<br/>a young immigrant / minority coming<br/>up in a<br/>predominantly white suburb<br/>of San Francisco<br/>being Brown<br/>meant<br/>being beat down.</p> <p>In school was where I was schooled<br/>not<br/>so much as in the classroom,<br/>but more on the playground.</p> <p>White bullies beat me daily<br/>and if I were to even try to fight back,<br/>the teachers, the principle figured<br/>I<br/>had instigated it.</p> <p>injustice, back then, was<br/>always adult,<br/>always white.</p> <p>(this<br/>my ingrained image<br/>of authority)</p> <p>you can only imagine the bitterness a<br/>young boy feels<br/>a bitterness that echoes<br/>into his future years as<br/>a man<br/>from student to worker<br/>to writer to teacher<br/>to gangster to cop<br/>to politician...</p> <p>people need to feel good about<br/>themselves,<br/>who they are and what they is.<br/>sympathy<br/>understanding<br/>and esteem<br/>came from homeboys,<br/>every bit as embittered<br/>as yourself</p> <p>(so what would<br/>you do?)</p> <p>we<br/>would consolidate,<br/>we'd posse up<br/>we'd strike back inarticulately<br/>at those who caused us shame<br/>(and maybe make a little money on the<br/>way)</p> <p>the powerless<br/>are given power with numbers<br/>and weapons...</p> <p>with a knife<br/>I can be heard<br/>with a gun<br/>I was respected</p> <p>Back when I was a kid<br/>I knew the korean boy in my class<br/>knew<br/>what I was going through.<br/>the mexicans, the blacks</p> | <p>we all felt the same<br/>and<br/>we were all down with one another<br/>back then<br/>but<br/>this is now</p> <p>now<br/>I know that any mexican, though<br/>brown<br/>ain't one of us<br/>("You leave my li'l seester alone, you<br/><i>pinche madre</i> flip faggot!")<br/>that a black gang killed my cous' in a<br/>drive-by<br/>("Wadn't nathin' personal, holmes, it<br/>was bizniz...")<br/>and<br/>it was koreans who jumped me in L.A.<br/>("Wha' th' fuck you doin' hea' in<br/>KOREATOWN?!")</p> <p>L.A...<br/>everytime a whiteperson was excited<br/>to go there<br/>I'd be baffled<br/>until<br/>I learned how they livin'...<br/>clubs<br/>beaches<br/>hot tubs<br/>and cocaine</p> <p>butwhosells?<br/>andwhodies?</p> <p>I feel alien now<br/>trapped between my days of anger and<br/>accepting existence in a white culture</p> <p>my hatred for skinheads and cops<br/>who reminded me of those bullies back<br/>in the day,<br/>is tempered with education<br/>but not eliminated</p> | <p>(I can still shoot straight...)</p> <p>simple division<br/>(I learned that, too, in grade school)<br/>I'm<br/>too busy hating koreans to hate whites<br/>too busy killing niggas to kill police<br/>and I'm too busy doggin' vatos to<br/>check out<br/>what's happening with the<br/>WorldBank...</p> <p>simple division...simple divide and<br/>conquer...</p> <p>Look<br/>none of you are my brothers and sisters<br/>(that hippy fantasy has long been<br/>smoked away)<br/>this is the way I feel<br/>true to my heart<br/>and I shall not apologize<br/>'cos until you can understand how I<br/>feel<br/>how <i>we</i> feel<br/>I'll always want to hurt you...</p> <p>it's about time<br/>you wake the fuck up.</p> <p>Dreamtime is over</p> <p>but don't you worry 'bout me<br/>I keep myself in check<br/>I know it's none of y'all individually<br/>-that it's collective<br/>institutional.</p> <p>I'll keep this in mind<br/>and<br/>I shall stay calm<br/>at least<br/>for as long<br/>as<br/>Allah<br/>is willing.</p> |
|--|---|--|---|

## Thank You by Alexander Lawrence

Thank god for my bleeding ulcer! Now I can go, and go to The Phil Donahue Show and claim victim status.

Thank you bus driver behind schedule for not stopping and driving into my new motorcycle, a BMW, on Market street. My broken collarbone is healed now, and thanks to a plastic surgeon, my face has been reshaped into recognizable form. Thank you lawyers for getting me 1.2 million dollars. Now my life can begin anew, even though I'm almost totally paralyzed.

Thank god for the invention of liposuction. Thank you Jenny Craig. I always have a need to lose weight. Thank god for my bleeding ulcer!

My stomach is a black hole, a deep void of unknowing, which food and liquor journey down every day to that dark place where everything must go and die. And suddenly I'm at another place, it's dark, looks like another bar, and I'm drinking and forgetting with what's left of me and my stomach.

ALONE WHLM I AM PROGRAMMED IN MINE THROUGH DOORS THROUGH METAPHOR THROUGH WORK THROUGH SMITHS OF BLACK  
OF SILVER OF WHITE OF RED OF NO-COLOR AND OF NO-KNOWLEDGE THAT ANYONE ELSE IS ALONE . . . . .